

TURIK,  
Oct.

10,1826. MY DEAR FATHER,

We travelled from delightful Florence through the luxuriant Val d'Amo to Pisa, where the Cathedral and its more wonderful Baptistery, the leaning tower, and the Campo Santo riveted our attention. . . . The country from Pisa to Lucca, and, indeed, the whole of that little state is most lovely. Sated as we were with scenery, and desirous almost to avoid any mention of the subject, yet we have yet scarcely ceased to talk in wonder and admiration of the shores of the Mediterranean. The journey from Spezzia to Genoa baffles all idea. . . . For two days we wandered among the most exquisite and the wildest parts of the Apennines, not the Apennines that we had before been used to, but the Apennines of romance and Mrs. E-atcliffe, with streamy blue distances and unfathomable woody dells and ruined castles, and constant views of the blue Mediterranean and its thousand bays. On the third day we descended nearly to its shore, but what a shore! It required no stretch of the imagination to fancy ourselves in Asia and under an Oriental sky, for aloes, huge everlasting aloes, here grow on the shingles, and groves of olive trees, dates and figs, and clusters of Eastern trees abound upon the green mountains, which descend into the sea, and whose only artificial ornaments are towns of colored marble, and amphitheatres of palaces. The shore, as I said before, is broken into innumerable bays, which, vie with each other for superiority, until they all yield to their Queen — the gorgeous bay of Genoa, on whose mountain banks rises in a crescent Genoa la Superba, a crowd of palaces, villas, and convents. But I am writing of that which should be seen. However, the scenery of the Mediterranean would alone repay me for twice ten thousand the fatigues I have suffered.

Two days' travelling, during one of which we again crossed the great chain of the Apennines and entered Northern Italy, have brought us to Turin. The mighty chain of the High Alps covered with snow now meets our eyes, and tomorrow we shall cross Mount Cenis. . . . I expect to be on the 24th at Dover. Thus end my travels. I trust I have not travelled in vain. Nature and Art have been tolerably well revealed to me. The Alps, the Apennines, and two seas have pretty well done for the first, and though I may see more cities I cannot see more varieties of European nature. Five capitals and twelve great cities, innumerable remains of antiquity and the choicest specimens

of modern art have told